AN AUTUMN IDYL.

A yellow, September morning had risen over the blue waters of the Channel. Far off in the distance the glancing of the white caps revealed a stiff breeze up the slope of the yellow crinkly sands in front, the foamy surges crept with a soft sound, and Alice Aylmer stopped a moment at the door of the old ruined lighthouse to talk with David Neill, the boatman.

'Another Artist?' said she. 'At Polravan? Oh, why can't they keep away.

'I suppose miss,' said David with a shrewd, shrug of the shoulders, as he went on caulking the seams of his battered old boat, 'they think it's a sightly place, I've many a time wished I could paint myself, when I've been out on the bay, of a moony night, or betwixt day and dawn, when the sky was all pinky red, and the mornin' star a shinin' like a lamp over the old lighthouse top. But I hadn't never no talent that way,' he added with a sigh.

'Is it a famous artist?' Alice asked wistfully.

Old David shook his head.

'There you have me ag'in,' said he. 'I donno much about them things. His name is Easterfield, and he ain't badlooking.'

'Oh! said Alice. 'The husband of that cross invalidat the 'Polrevan Arms,' I pity him!' she added with a sigh.

So she went on up the winding stone stairway to the little lantern chamber which she had transformed into an impromptu studio.

Alice Aylmer loved art with a genuine love, and she put all her soul into the glowing pictures that she sketched on the conch shells and bits of floating spar and stones washed into perfect ovals by the restless ebb and flow of tide.

Each of them was a little gem in its way, and as they was sold, one by one, to the find ladies rnd languid invalids at the hotel, it gave Alice a secret pang to part with every one.

But it was her bread winner, that decliate taste of hers in color, prospective and line. Farmer Aylmer was old and feeble, and it pleased Alice to think that she was helping the kind grandfather who had been all the parent that she had ever known.

Up to this time she had no rival in this special line of art, and she was a little amazed when old David announced the appearance of this new artist on the field of action.

But if he has an invalid wife to support, I can't so much blame him,' she thought. 'Poor fellow! Everyone has trials in this world, so far as I can see!'

When she came out of the lighthouse at noon, she saw a young man sitting on the keel of David Neill's upturned boat, and talking with this sturdy toiler of the sea.

'Here's the gentleman I was tellin' ye 'bout, Miss Alice,' said David, with a simple ceremony of introduction, 'Mr. Esterfield this is our Miss Alice.'

Mr. Esterfield took off his broad brimmed hat and bowed courteously.

'I am told that your family owns this picturesque old ruin,' said he, inclining his head towards the lighthouse.

'Yes,' said Alice.

'I should like to rent it for a studio,'

'I already use it as a studio,' said Alice, stifly.

'Indeed! Then,' said he, 'you are the young lady who paints those little conch shells and smooth stones. They are very pretty indeed!'

Alice bowed with conscious pride.

'That room up there would be a glorious studio,' said Mr. Esterfield, longingly. 'Couldn't you give me easel room there? I think the sight of sand and the sound of the breakers would inspire me.'

'I have no more space than I myself need to occupy,'said Alice more frigidly than before.

Was it not bad enough for this patronizing artist to come here at all, poarching—so to speak—on her manor but he must even want to crowd her out of her solitary tower of refuge? This was certainly the height of presumption!

But after a while a softer sentiment stirred in her bosom.

Perhaps the young man was poor and friendless, struggle to make his way in the world; and that invalid wife of his, who could not stir without cruthes, and who was universally reported to be very uncertain in temper—was not that trial enough for anybody?

Alice was sorry that she had spoken so sharply.

When she came back across the glistening sands, where the low tide had left its deposit of feathery seaweed and delicately tinged shells, Mr. Esterfield sat sketching by the old boat.

'I have changed my mind,' said Alice, walking up to him. 'There is space for your easel, as well as mine, in the lantern room.'

'May we share the studio together?' said the young man, joyfully. 'Thanks—a thousand times! and I will try to take up as little room as possible.'

So there were two artists now in the round room of the lighthouse.

Alice grew to like her fellow artist, and she treated him with a soft, gracious dignity that became her well.

'Everybody seems to admire your pictures so much,' said she, with a sigh. 'I wish I could paint as you do.'

'It's all in practice,' said Mr. Esterfield, intent on bringing out the scarlet touches in a cluster of autumn leaves in his foreground.

'How nice it would be,' said Alice, 'if Mrs. Esterfield could come here and look at your work.'

'Don't mention such a thing, pray,' said the artist, laughing. 'I've the greatest respect for her, of course, and consideration, and all that sort of things; but between ourselves, Miss Alice, we're a great deal more peaceful here without her than with her. She can't help scolding and fretting and finding fault,' he added apologetically, as Alice looked reproachfully at him. 'It's her nature, I suppose.'

'Poor fellow!' thought Alice. 'But he ought not to speak so of his wife!'

She began to wonder what sort of a person Mrs. Esterfield was as to looks. Was she pretty? Was she young?

Yet Alice was too proud to ask questions of anybody, and she was delighted when there came an order for a painted conch shell from a French lady at the hotel, who desired it for a souvenir.

'I will take it there myself, she thought, 'and I shall see Mr. Esterfield's wife. And then—then I think I had better accept Cousin Prideaux's offer to Plymouth to teach her little girls.'

For Alice had just begun to be conscious that she was becoming too interested in Gordon Esterfield. He was so young, so handsome, so enthusiastic in art—and even the fact of that great trial of his existence, the crippled wife, lent an additional glamor to his surroundings.

The lady was charmed with the painted conch shell

'I shall show it to Madame Esterfield,' she said. 'She is a critic—she knows all of art.'

And Alice timidly followed her into a shaded room, where, wrapped in shawls, a pallid, middle aged personage lay on a sofa.

'It's pretty well,' she said, discontentedly, surveying the shell. It's crude—all these things are crude.

What can a young girl know of true art feeling? Nobody understands it—not even Gordon. Where's the young woman? Let her come in. Let her come around by the window,where I can see her.' The tables were turned. Alice had come to see Mrs. Esterfield, and Mrs. Esterfield was determined to see her. Blushing deeply she obeyed. The yellow fased little lady took a long stare at her.

'Well,' said she, 'you are pretty. He said so, but I didn't believe him. Sit down. Let me talk to you.'

'No, thanks,' cried Alice, feeling as if all her veins were filled with fire. 'I—I want to go back home now; grandfather will be wanting me.'

And she made her exit with more vehemence than ceremony.

'County bred!' said Mrs. Esterfield ifting her tow colored eyebrows.

'That is plain enough! But pretty!'

'How I pity him!—oh, how sorry I feel for him!' Alice kept repeating to herself as she hurried home.

Perhaps, also, she pitied herself a little, for the tears kept trickling down her cheeks like soft, slow drops of summer rain.

'Alice! Why, what is the matter?'

It was Gordon Esterfield's voice.

He was close behind her, in the narrow Cornish lane, where the path was carpeted with yellow leaves.

She tried desperately to recover herself.

'The matter? Nothing! Why should any thing be the matter?' retorted she.

'You are crying.'

'I am not crying! Why should I be crying?'

'Alice will you not tell me? Dear Alice, I love you! I was coming this very day to ask you to be my wife,' he pleaded.

She turned on him with crimsoned cheeks and flashing eyes.

'How dare you thus insult me?' she exclaimed. 'Go to your poor deluded wife!'

'Alice!' he cried, 'what on earth are you talking about? I haven't got any wife. I never had a wife. And I never shall have, unless you will say 'yes' to me.'

'But Mrs. Esterfield, in the hotel?'

'She's my aunt,' he explained. 'You don't mean to say that you thought she was—my wife?'

The comic dismay of his tone, the revulsion of feeling in Alice Aylmer's own heart, were too much for her.

She burst out laughing, then she began to cry. And by the time that Mr. Esterfield had succeeded in comforting her, they were engaged.

'But,' faltered Alice, 'I thought you were a poor artist! I felt so sorry for you.'

'Pity is a kin to love.' Mr. Esterfield responded. 'I am an artist, but I am not poor. Especially since you, my love have given me the treasure of your heart!"

"Yes; but everything has ended so differently from what I thought it would!" cried Alice.

'Hasn't it ended exactly right?"

'Yes, but——'

There was never any end to this sentence. Mr. Esterfield stopped it with a kiss.

Doctors at Berlin.

The army of doctors has apparently enjoyed itself amazingly at Berlin, where science and surgery have been judiciously tempered with amusements of the most varied description. In the history of the world no such array of medicine men has ever been seen as that which met in the gorgeous Kunst Anstellung to listen to the welcoming words of Virchow, the pathologist; Von Gossler, the minister of medicine and religion (an excellent combination of functions), and Von Palckenbeck, the chief burgomaster.

Sir James Paget secured the warmest reception of the foreign delegates; Dr. Baccelli, the Italian, "for the convenience of his cari colleghi," insisted on using Latin as a common language, and Dr. Von Bergmann's normal appearance has been vastly improved by his brand new uniform, although the passing interest he once excited was wholly eclipsed by Grand Duke Theodore, of Bavaria, the eminent oculist, who brought the grand duchess to look down on her husband's 5,000 fellow practitioners from a box. The heat was more than tropical, but the doctors submitted to be closely packed with the best possible grace, and the one royalty of the whole European faculty was indefatigable in pointing out to his wife such celebrities as the veteran Von Bardeleben, whose breast glittered with orders; Sir William McCormack and fifty others.—London World.

Wild Animals in Connecticut.

Otters and minks were very scarce in Connecticut a dozen years ago, and it was feared that the animals might become extinct, for their hides were worth from $5 to $10 apiece, and everybody hunted them. Then suddenly fashion changed her mind about the value of mink and otter skins, the price went down and now the animals abound in the state again. So numerous have minks become there that they are getting to be quite familiar with country people. Recently a mink, frightened by a sharp thunder storm, fled out of a meadow, rushed into a farmer's dwelling, and raced from room to room until a hound caught him upstairs in a chamber.

A still more remarkable incident occurred in Hartford a few days ago. A mink trotted right into the heart of the city, among throngs of people on the streets, and passed all kinds of dogs with impunity, and finally made his way into the back yard of a big store on Asylum street. In the yard men cornered him and tried to capture him alive, but he fought so desperately that they had to kill him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mountains Full of Gold.

Recent explorations of the Olympic mountains have been of great interest to mining men. A geologist, who has given some attention to the work of the exploring parties, says: "I have examined many specimens from the Olympic, but until of late they were of low grade outcroppings. Recently, however, some extremely rich specimens have been received. These new discoveries have excited a great deal of interest in prospectors in this region, and specimens are coming in rapidly. Not long since I received one piece that was so rich that I refused to assay it, as it could not possibly be a fair sample. It would have assayed over $100,000 per ton. There could not possibly have been in any locality any considerable quantity of quartz so rich. I have long known that this district was rich in coal and iron. I am now convinced that it hides vast treasures of silver and gold. Numerous prospecting parties are being fitted out, and hundreds of prospectors are already in the mountains, which are quite easy of access."—Tacoma (Wash.) Cor. St. Louis Republic.

An Electrical Time Stamp.

Wall street is interested in a novel contrivance for registering the exact time of the consummation of bargains. It is always necessary and sometimes vitally important to brokers to know the very minute of the hour when a transaction is legally completed. At times the official quotations of some stock or other change so suddenly and show such a great degree of variance that large losses and big lawsuits have been occasioned by the inability of the contracting parties to determine or agree upon the time of the receipt or cancellation of an order to buy or sell.

Because he could not prove the exact minute of the receipt of the counter order from one of his customers a leading broker three weeks ago lost nearly $10,000 on commissions which he executed on a day when the price of the stock in which he was dealing made several sensational changes. Minutes of time were many dollars of money in that case, and on other occasions a saving or proper use of minutes may be counted in dollars instead of seconds.

A good many inventions to assist the dealers in this matter of recording the exact time of their transactions have been brought to the attention of operators, but none of them has been successful. The last device to simplify business and save time and guard against mistakes is an electrical time stamp. The device is not much larger than an ordinary stamp. It looks like a miniature ticker. The mechanism is connected with a standard time clock, and at the beginning of every minute the time indicated by the type on the stamp is changed to agree with the clock by the closing of the electric circuit. An order or paper to be stamped is placed under the figures, a button is pressed, and the exact time is printed on the face of the paper.—New York Sun.

A Cuirassier Runs Amuck.

"I must slay three or four foot soldiers!" exclaimed a cuirassier named Lefranc, as with some of his comrades in the same regiment he stopped Croison, an inoffensive fantassin, in the streets of Angers, in which their respective corps were quartered on the evening of the national fete. Suiting the action to the word Lefranc drew his saber and proceeded to attack the infantryman, who, parrying his thrusts with his bayonet as best he could, drove nearly the whole of the weapon into his adversary's side. The cuirassier reeled and then fell down dead. Croison returned quietly to his barracks, where he was put under arrest in the course of the night. He has been tried by court martial.

His officers gave him an excellent character, and he himself declared that he much regretted what he had done, but added that his life was at stake. It was ascertained that the cuirassier had already thrashed a foot soldier belonging to another regiment on that same evening, and Croison was acquitted, the court arriving at the conclusion that he had simply acted in self defense and had had no intention of killing his opponent outright. French soldiers always go out with their sidearms, and their conduct is, as a rule, so steady and orderly that only on rare and exceptional occasions like the one just cited do they make a bad, or rather any, use of their weapons. —London Telegraph.

An Engineer's Superstition.

Elias A. Sullivan, nicknamed by friends "Yank" Sullivan, who bravely met death in the Baltimore and Ohio wreck at Osceola, was one of the best known engineers on the road. "Yank" firmly believed in all the peculiar superstitions to which railroaders as a class pin faith. Two months before his fatal wreck he took his engine, No. 475, the largest on the road, out of the repair shops. On his first trip a wreck occurred on the eastern division. This cemented his half hearted faith in an unlucky Friday. His engine needed repairs shortly afterward, and was ready for the road again on the Friday previous to the night of his death ride. This time "Yank" positively refused to go out, saying an accident was sure to follow. His fears were laughed to scorn by the men collected in the round house, and Sullivan took the engine. That his words were prophetic proved too true, and it would be impossible now to get an engineer to take his engine out of the Glenwood shops on Friday.—Pittsburg Times.

Lake Keuka Grapes.

Lake Keuka first became noted for the cultivation of grapes on its shores. The first vineyard was planted about 1856 on the west shore. In 1861 another was planted on Bluff Point. The business proved very profitable, and the cultivation of grapes extended until nearly all available land has been utilized. At present grape land is valued at $100 to $300 per acre and bearing vineyards $500 to $1,000, the latter price being that of the best Catawba vineyards. The present crop is very promising, and, in view of the general failure of other kinds of fruit, grape growers are expecting good prices.—Rome Sentinel.

NOTICE
—TO—
TEACHERS

The Board of School Examiners of Henry count Ohio, will hold meetings for the examination of applicants for teacher's certificates as follows:

In Basement of Court House in Napoleon, Ohio, on the 1st and 3d Saturdays in March and the 1st and 3d Saturdays in April and May, the 1st Saturday in June, July and August, the 1st and 3d Saturdays in September and the 1st and 3d Saturdays in October, the 1st and 3d Saturdays in November, and the 1st Saturdays in December, January and February.

Evidence of good moral character will be required of all candidates. That evidence to be a personal knowledge of the Examiners concerning the applicant, or certificates of good moral character from some reliable source.

A. H. TYLER,
MRS. SUEWELSTED,
PHILIP C. SCHWAB. } Examiners

Feb26-78.